The True Northerner.

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CHANGED HER MIND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A YOUNG LADY.

Dear Belle:—I went to church last night
And saw your friend; why he's a *fright*
At least I think so; what is there pray
About *his* looks that made you say
That I'd admire him. Goodness me!
He's homely, Belle, as he can be,
Monstrous nose, retreating forehead
And goggle eyes; I think he's *horrid*.

* * * I've seen that Mr. Knox again—
Your friend I mean, that homely man
Of whom I wrote—and I declare
I must admit he has an air
About him, that one must admire.
But, Belle, I think I soon shall tire
Of his rude manners; why the man
Stared till I had to use my fan.

* * * I went last night to the soiree,
And who, think you, chanced there to be
Why, Charley Knox! we stayed till four—
I danced with him *six times*—or more,
And he has asked me—don't you tell—
To go with *him* next time; now, Belle,
I'm not in love. You'll laugh I know—
But still I say he's *not* my beau.

* * * O, Belle! O, Belle! what do you think
Has happened. I can't sleep a wink
Until I've told my dearest friend;
O, Belle! *my girlhood's at an end*,
That Charley Knox! O, dear, O, my!
I don't know whether to laugh or cry—
I never yet did feel so queer—
Just think! *I am engaged!* my dear.

THE MADE BELLE.

It was a sultry day in late July. The ocean breeze failed to dispel the fever of the air that waited impatiently for the fulfillment of the promise, that lay broadly legible along the eastern horizon, of a coming thunderstorm.

The sultriness and impatience that pervaded the atmosphere, thirsting for the excitement of electrical volleys and a dash of impetuous rain, also pervaded the mental atmosphere of a group of idle young men who lounged upon the shady corner of a hotel piazza killing time until the dinner hour.

"Celia Carr was the belle last year," said Ned Grosvenor, "and we shall not 'look upon her like again.'"

"The array of beauty at present is not alarming," observed Sam Dent. "The Brewsters are nice girls; Miss Fanning may be called quite stylish, Miss Hayward decidedly so; Jennie Hammond *will be* a capital creature, but she is rather 'bread-and-butterish' yet; her sister is a schooled coquette. Adele Ferris is the belle so far."

"I never pay court to beauties," said Armand Du Bois. "When a girl expects every man who beholds her to be at her feet, as a matter of course, I prefer to pique her, for some time, at least, with indifference."

"There have been several arrivals today," said Grosvenor, "Miss Monroe among the number. Look out for Miss Monroe, Du Bois. She isn't a beauty exactly, but—"

"Let us *make* a belle," suggested Arthur Lindsley. "Let us take some moderate girl and idolize her, one and all of us. Not ridiculously, but just enough to turn her head and have all the other dear creatures dying of jealousy."

"What will you make her of?" asked Sam. "Where's your material? Produce your belle-metal, Lindsley."

"She must be a novice," said Grosvenor.

"And susceptible," said Sam.

"But not too susceptible, or there'll be no fun in it," said Dick Wilhurst.

"She must *not* be a beauty," said Du Bois.

"Nor a stupid," said Lindsley.

Wanted—a belle. So stood their agreement, when all minor tintinnabulations received an obligatory knell from

"That tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell."

Two days later a party arrived at the hotel, who were registered as "Mr. Wolf, Mrs. Wolf, and Miss Wolf, of C——," and on the same afternoon Lindsley announced, triumphantly, "I've found the girl. No, don't ask me what she's like. Nothing startling, I promise you. Just a passable sort of a rather lady-like nobody. The raw material, that's all; and that's what we want. A mighty pretty little foot she had, though, peeping from under her water-proof cloak. But plain, unmistakably plain and unpretending, I assure you. Just the nondescript sort of thing we require for our made belle."

A more inviting drawing-room no summer hotel could boast. Given the lights and the music and what volatile creatures could desire a better field for the dance? Easily disencumbered, too, and convertible for private theatricals, tableaux, and games, its entertainments were famed. An occasional dull day could be endured in anticipation of the unfailing bewitching qualities of its "falling grace."

In this inviting drawing-room Miss Irene Wolf made her debut, clinging rather closely to the side of her mother until the music struck up. The dance began. The young and shy stranger found herself introduced to a number of agreeable young men. Every one seemed pleased with her. Everything she said, everything she did, proved to be just the happy word of the moment or the happy act. "It has been such a delightful evening," she said to her mother, when, after midnight, she lingered to talk over the novel event. "I was a silly girl to dread the beginning so much. How kind every one is!"

Happily she was not mediumistic, to know the comments made upon her by her gentle sisterhood of the house. She came in mention quite disparagingly in contrast to Miss Monroe, likewise a debutante of the evening—a young lady just returned from a tour in Europe, who had brought the "loveliest costumes" from Pingat's and Worth's; in one of which, purple and pale blue, with rococo jewels and a wonderful fringe, she had appeared that night.

"Wasn't it amiable," said Miss Fanning, "in Ned Grosvenor and other fellows of our set to take up that bewildered little Backwoods? Poor thing! I hope they will not drop her flat all at once."

Drop her? This was the last thought likely to occur to the kind young men; they had no such intent. On the contrary, they congratulated themselves upon the fact that Irene Wolf was not only just the thing they wanted for their made belle, but a nice sort of a girl, and a good dancer thrown in.

As time rolled on, sisterly solicitude for the ultimate fate of "Backwoods" became extinct. Propitious circumstansces elevated "the poor thing" to "that Miss Wolf." Favorite partner of the dance, abettor of games, receiver of the prettiest bonbonnieres and the loveliest flowers, the first-thought-of-invitation for the ride, drive, and walk, the queen of the picnic, and the belle of the ball. "I asked Sam Dent," said the beautiful Miss Ferris, "what was the charm of that Miss Wolf. He said it was simply the *'je ne sair quoi'* which always attracts men, but that women invariably fail to perceive."

"I always knew," pondered the devout heart of Mamma Wolf, who, with her beast-of-prey cognomen, reflected upon the vexed question of "what's in a name" the most *lambent* possible light—"I always knew that our Irene had the disposition of an angel; but I never realized before that my child was the raving beauty I find she is."

As the season advanced, the triumphs of the made belle lost none of their brilliancy. Her success began to reflect credit upon her makers. Every day she seemed more lovely, every day more worthy of preference. For is there a cosmetic like praise? Is there a tonic like smiles?

It is worth while to a woman to have a credulous heart, if only for the beautifying effect of flattery upon her grace and complexion.

Irene Wolf, in her midsummer experience, thought that watering-place life was an episode of paradise. But the serpent always crawls into Eden. And in Irene's paradise the intruder had, as in Raphael's picture, a woman's face.

Miss Hammond thought it her duty to confide to Mrs Wolf a secret that had been intrusted by Dick Wilhurst as something which he considered "too good to keep." Imagine the delicacy of the self-imposed act; for the secret was no other than the fact that the belle of the season was the creature of a joke, the envied idol of the summer literally nothing more than "a block of wood or stone," at whose efficacy the priests of its worship mocked.

Miss Hammond performed her self-imposed duty without trepidation. If in the rivalry of the season she had allowed herself to feel bitterness, and if malice lay in her motive, she was not rewarded by the effect upon her victim of her astounding revelation. In listening to the humiliating tale, given in strict confidence and without suppression of any stinging detail, Irene remained calm, offering no interruption or exclamation. Her heart, indeed, beat violently, her color went and came. When the whole story was ended, she pondered a minute, and said:

"Do you believe this, Miss Hammond? I hardly can. I think these gentlemen—these friends of yours—are too well-bred to have placed a girl, an unoffending stranger, in such an ignominious position. No! Do not trouble yourself about this story. I feel sure these men have better hearts."

But, oh, the storm that swept over that bared bit of palpitating mechanism, the woman's heart, in the darkness of the night. The pain, the tantalizing torment, the bewildering doubt. Could it be true? Let the careful memory, the calm judgment, take up the facts. Alas, the story was not without its corroborating proofs!

The first night of anguish that sweeps across the pillow of a young girl robs it forever of all the white roses of which girls' pillows are made. Thenceforth the softest is but ruffled linen in which the head rests.

In the morning Irene awoke—for at dawn she caught one miserable half hour's sleep—awoke for the first morning of her life upon a flat, stale, unprofitable world.

What pleasure was there to a made belle in fixingher blonde hair at the glass?

The first thought of the child had been this: "Oh, how I wish I could tell mother!" But she reasoned with herself, "No, it is better I should bear it myself. And father, dear father, how he would resent this cruelty! how much he loves his poor little girl! He must never, never, never know."

The evening after Mis Hammond's dutiful act Irene was beautiful—really beautiful for the first and, perhaps, for the last time in her life. She came down into the drawing-room arrayed in an excellent Paris dress; for her mother, whose maternal instinct had been aroused to the perception that Irene's costumes were not the style of those worn by her companions, had purchased for her darling, at an immoderate cost, from one of those fashionable modistes who follow in the wake of the summer-faring gay world the very last importation of draperied grace.

Irene came down into the drawing-room attired like a little princess; but it was not that which made every eye discover she was a beauty at last. It was the hectic rose-leaf on her cheek, the scarlet of her lips, the violet shadow about her eyes, the mystical shadow upon young eyelids that grief has at last kissed; it was the kindled excitement of conflicting pain and pride, the quick flame that made her gentle, fawn-colored eyes shine steel and gold, gold and steel, and that illumined into positive, potent brilliancy her modest, softly-tinted, pleasantly-featured, but never-before-startling face.

She was really beautiful, and every one said so that night. The belle, without possibility of mistake.

But to those who knew her, and were with her frequently, or watched her closely from that time forth, there was something missed in Irene that hitherto had part in herself—the joyous confidence, the innocent abandon, the quiet but genuine under-tone of real happiness, had fled. With all her pride, she was too engenuous to conceal from those who cared for her that her perfect peace was lost.

Our friendly young men held a consultation upon this point.

"Mark me," said Sam Dent, "I know something of girls, and that girl has fallen in love. Mark me, has fallen in love with one of us! I only hope, since I'm an engaged man, that it's not me."

Du Bois looked infinitely self-conscious, but did not speak.

"Don't trouble yourself, Sam," said Dick Wilhurst, with insinuating self-assertion. "I happento know she hasn't been such a fool as that."

"We've played too deep," said Grosvenor. "Upon my word it hasn't been right. We've had our fun, but, by Jove, it has been hard upon the girl."

"Well," said graceless Dick, "it isn't a wrong that can be made right. If its me she is in love with—and—but—well—*n'importe*. If it's me, I don't care if I do become a victim. 'Tis a cool three hundred thousand. It might be worse."

"Wilhurst," exclaimed Lindsley, with flashing eyes, "take care. Miss Wolf is too true and good a girl to be lightly spoken of, in my presence at least. A girl that any man may be proud to make his wife."

"Hear! hear!" cried Dick. "Excuse me, friends. I meant to praise, not to scoff. What greater compliment can be paid to a made belle than to ring the change out of her—ring the changes, I mean. Lindsley, my dear fellow, I pass. Take her, and a thousand blessings go with you, my boy!"

"Lindsley is right," said Sam Dent. "The girl has metal in her."

"Who ever heard of a belle that hadn't metal in her?" asked Dick.

"Nonsense! but I tell you there's a genuine ring to her."

"Of course."

"And a smart tongue, as I can testify, when she's put to it," said Grosvenor. "I like a woman who can hold her own."

"Her own tongue? So do I," said Dick. "Oh, I'm sincere. Irene Wolf is all right. Hurrah for our made belle! She's a trump. Lindsley, you're a success. Well, good-night, boys; I'm off. By-by, Lindsley. Ring the belle—ding-dong!"

The feminine portion of the house had not been so sensitively aware of the change in Irene. The truth is, they were too thoroughly engrossed in a wonderful event to condescend to trifles.

The event was no other than the unexpected arrival at this delightful sea-side hotel of an English lord, a bachelor, crossed in love abroad, it was rumored, and come to America expressly to marry.

A live lord! One and all of the feminine portion of the house fixed heart and soul upon him at once. There was no turning back from the plow; there was no dallying with time to be "well off with the old loves," or loss of haste in going first to bury one's dead. The affair demanded, or commanded rather, a religious zeal and dispatch. "Up and strike!" was the motto of every Amazonian ambition whose bewitching archery suddenly fixed upon this shining bull's-eye.

If the thought of "Mrs." had to any one been sweet, the thought of "My Lady," "My Lady Lindehurst," was incomparably a treat.

It was, of course, necessary to be presented to "My Lord" first. And Lord Lindehurst, who had been thrown by accident of foreign travel into intimate relations with Grosvenor and Du Bois, came specially introduced. He was legitimately a prize of the set.

Not until a fortnight had elapsed did it become faintly rumored that Lord Lindehurst, whose attentions had so far been generously general, had "taken particularly" to Irene Wolf.

A torrent of indignation swept through the house. Miss Hammond felt her plane of duty so broadened that she actually contemplated confiding Dick Wilhurst's secret, "too good to keep," to the young Englishman—to illuminate his note-book as a characteristic episode of American manners and life. She was delayed somewhat in her benevolent intent, for the reason that the live lord was not easily approached.

As for Irene, when she felt that the illustrious stranger was unfeignedly attracted by herself, she experienced some womanly tumults of satisfaction. He, at least, was sincere. This lover, at least, was unaffected in his marked preference by any latent relish for a joke.

"*He did not make me*," she very naturally, and with some grateful sense of restored dignity, said.

The young nobleman, an unassuming youth, who seemed hardly to appreciate the furore he had created, was rather an exception to his countrymen in his personal history. But of that history it is only necessary to say that the rumor of his having been crossed in love was not correct. He had been crossed in marriage, not in love. His own temper—far from a base sort—had made the cross by decidedly refusing a match proposed for him upon worldly principles alone.

Personally, Lord Lindehurst was a man who, without a title, would not have been popularly remarked. He was a traveled, but not a "society," man; observantly, not experimentally, educated; nor was he particularly intellectual. But he possessed an agreeable presence, refined manners, an ample fortune, and an excellent heart.

He had a presentiment that he should find his wife in the New World, and his presentiment was fulfilled.

He fell in love at first sight with Irene Wolf.

The night of his arrival was the night of Irene's beauty. In whatever degree she faded from her perfect brilliancy after that, his kindled imagination supplied the defect. He saw her first in the apotheosis wrought in her by the one cruel moment of her life. He never altered from his faith in her bright supremacy from that time forth.

For a fortnight he studied her unobserved and "afar off;" then he asked to be presented, and from that time he devoted himself to her with an increasing devotion.

At the close of the season their engagement was announced.

The refined prejudices of the young lord were not disturbed even by a prolonged visit in the Western home of Papa and Mamma Wolf. He found there what he esteemed most, the aristocracy of a heart,

It was a long wedding journey that Irene took, and for many months and even years she had no visible part in her first-loved Western life. But her image was idolized in that home. "My little girl" was the theme of incessant delight; and dearly as her affection clung to those who had filled completely her childish faith and trust, she never repented her choice. She loved her husband as truly as he loved her.

"I *was made* for him," she said, both first and last.

The Presidency.

An interesting article on "Presidential Aspirants," in the *University Herald*, is concluded as follows: But, whatever the newspapers and political necessities of to-day may demand, the people in the past have trusted well-known public men and elected them to their highest office. Most of our Presidents were well known to the people when elected, as the following table will show. Of the eighteen occupants of the Presidential chair—

Three had been Vice Presidents: Adams, Jefferson, and Van Buren (not counting Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson).

Five, Secretaries of State: Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Van Buren and Buchanan.

Five, Foreign Ministers: Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Harrison and Buchanan.

Eight, United States Senators: Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Pierce, Buchanan and Johnson.

Ten, Members of Congress: Madison, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson.

Seven, Governors of States or Territories: Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk and Johnson.

Two, Members of the Committee for Drafting the Constitution: Washington and Monroe.

One, Speaker of the House of Representatives: Polk.

Two had never held any civil office: Taylor and Grant.

Two held office after retiring from the Presidential chair: J. Q. Adams was a Member of Congress, and Johnson was a United States Senator; both died holding these positions.

It is worthy of attention that none of our noted orators have succeeded in being elected to the office.

England and Our Indian War.

In the British House of Commons, on on the 21st of July, Sir Edward William Watkin asked the Under Secretary for the Colonial Department if he could give any information regarding the conflict between the United States troops and the Sioux Indians, many of which tribe are British subjects, and whether the origin of the conflict was not a breach of a treaty regarding an Indian reservation and subsidies, which may provoke a wide-spread antagonism between the Indians and whites on both American and British territory. He asked whether the Government proposed to tender its good offices in the interest of the Indian subjects of Great Britain and humanity. Mr. Lowther replied that, so far, no information had been received, and he could not express an opinion as to its origin or possible consequences. He had no information tending to show that any British subjects are connected with these evenis. As at present advised the Government has no intention to interfere.

Indian Strength Underestimated.

Sherman and Sheridan certainly underestimate the strength of the hostiles. Sitting Bull's band, before it was joined by Crazy Horse, numbered 1,800 lodges—over 6,000 effective fighting force—and Crazy Horse has proven himself strong enough to defeat Crook in every engagement without the aid of Sitting Bull. Col. Burke, the agent at Standing Rock, who certainly is well informed and not disposed to exaggerate their strength, estimates the fighting force of the Sioux at 10,000, and it should be remembered that women and children are not elements of weakness, for every 9-year-old boy will handle a gun, stone, mallet, or bow to better advantage than a majority of recruits handle their muskets. Squaws do the camp drudgery and are ready for the battle if their services are needed.—*Bismarck Cor. New York Herald.*

A YOUNG man ran away from his home in Westford, Pa., sixteen years ago, and returned the other day poor and sick. He found that his parents had moved, no one knew where, and so he went into the house and blew his brains out with a pistol.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The Mystery of Gen. Hindman's Death

[From the New York World.]

Murder will out. To that we have the testimony of the records, and the axiom has been formulated by the greatest of American orators. Not only does the body of the victim, voiceless except through gaping wounds, cry out for Christian sepulture from the depths of swamp or lonely copse where the murderer has vainly hoped to hide the witness to his crime, but the wretch himself, hurrying from bloody act to bloodier and still more cruel deeds, reaches such a height of reckless daring that the blindest justice cannot help but close about him. Then the gallows comes, and then, with no hope for the future and a late repentance for the past, he tells the story of his crimes. Mysteries of blood at last are understood; mayhap the memory of an innocent man is cleared of stain, and one death is made to pay the penalty of many. In the newspaper of every day these coincidences of fate are told. We have two of them before us as we write. With a prescience of the coming massacre before him, perhaps, a soldier of Custer's army wrote out the narrative of a murder committed long years before, which, from the obscurity of the victim or the disorder of the times, had never been traced to its author. Before the letter was read in the Southern town where the crime had almost passed from recollection, the murderer lay in that horrible ravine, retribution coming from savage hands, but the criminal dying in brave company, and as one of a noble band whose names will be bright in history. But of those who went down to slaughter that fatal June day, we may suppose that to one death was a welcome relief from the barbs of conscience. His crime drove him from the comforts of a home through fourteen years of wandering, and finally to a terrible death on the far-off plains. His uneasy spirit forced him to a confession of the forgotten murder, and at last the moldering corpse in a Tennessee grave had its revenge in a mutilated body in the lands of the Sioux.

Gen. Thomas C. Hindman was a Major General in the Confederate army. After the war he returned to his home, near Helena, Ark., and, a few years later, the community and the entire South were shocked to hear of his brutal assassination while surrounded by his wife and children. Sitting in his library one night, a gun was forced through the window, and the soldier who had escaped from a hundred battles fell dead from his chair, his body riddled with bullets. The murder was commonly ascribed to a private enmity, and a reputable citizen of Helena has since borne the load of a terrible suspicion, which the confession of the real criminal has but now removed. The mails bring us the account of a gallows scene at Rome, in Georgia, wherein, by the statement of the condemned, the mystery of Hindman's death at last is solved. Haywood Grant, colored, convicted of arson and sentenced to be hanged, and with the noose about to be placed around his neck, called the Sheriff to him and confessed to the murder of two steamboat hands on a Mississippi river steamboat, ten years ago; then to the murder of an Irishman in Memphis during the same year; and still again to the murder of a policeman near to the spot where the third of his murders had been committed, and closed the dismal catalogue by detailing the manner in which he had shot to death the ex-Confederate General in his Arkansas home. No cause was given for the crime, and a moment later the wretch was swung off into eternity. Not so soon, however, but that an innocent man was relieved of a suspicion which was not so strongly supported by facts as to bring him to the felon's dock, but which, except that the law had dragged the real criminal to his fate, would have followed him to his grave and have been left as an evil heritage to his children. Justice, though tardy, had asserted itself, and the crime of the murderer had found voice.

The *manes* of the murdered Hindman may now rest in peace, for the law of retribution has been fulfilled on the scaffold of that Georgia town.

A Prison that Has Kept the Gallows Busy.

The last report of the Warden and Directors of the Connecticut State Prison shows 252 convicts in that institution, of whom 121 were received within the past year. The number last year was 236. Sixty-eight are of foreign birth. A reduction in the price of labor of the prisoners, who are engaged in cigar, shoe, wirework, and rule making, from sixty to forty cents a day has so far decreased the income of the prison as to leave a deficit of $2,874. The more humane system of discipline introduced by Warden Hughes is maintained with satisfactory results. A striking commentary upon the cruel discipline formerly in vogue there is the fact that in thirty years there has been only one hanging in Connecticut for crime committed outside of the prison, but that in the same period there have been four executions for crime perpetrated within it.

A French Suicide.

One of those extraordinary suicides peculiar to Paris took place quite recently. An elderly man entered the Church of Notre Dame and ascended one of the towers, after having paid the usual two sous required from visitors. There was nothing remarkable in his bearing, and no one paid particular attention to him. When he had attained the highest point to which visitors are allowed to mount, he raised himself on the wall which runs round the top of the tower, and after looking down for a moment plunged from the dizzy height. He fell in the Cour du Presbytere, and of course was picked up quite dead.

Pith and Point.

THE Crows have caws to per Sioux their old enemy.—*Graphic.*

THE farmers of Elkhart county, Ind., petitioned their clergy to pray for a cessation of the rains until they secured their crops.

"I AM so thirsty," said a boy in a cornfield. "Well, work away," said the industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

THE gypsies have a saying to the effect that "an ass that carries you is better than a horse that throws you off." It is calculated to inspire respect for the ass.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S tribute to woman in his poem is indeed beautiful. There is no time when a female looks so noble, so determined and so inspired as when she is engaged in nailing up a rat-hole. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A SECRETARY commissioned to report as to the manner in which a certain theater was managed in France, reported: "The conductor of the orchestra has not played a note since his arrival. If he contents himself with making gestures, I suggest that he be discharged."

"MY friends!" said a builder whose health had been drunk at a dinner in celebration of the completion of a public hall which he had constructed, "My friends! I would gladly express my feelings, did I not feel that I am better fitted for the scaffold than public speaking!"

"WHAT on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would at least be a way of keeping him in check."

DAVIE:—"Can ye gie's a pipe, John?" John—"Oh, aye." (Hands him one almost empty.) Davie:—"Hae ye ony tobaccy?" John—"Yes, yes, lad; I can gie that tae," (Hands him a "fill.") Davie (after filling)—"Hae ye a match, John?" John (to third person standing by)—"Guidness, he has naething but the jaws."

"WHAT made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife. "And I," said a bystander, "came here because I got into trouble simply because I promised to marry one."

"ARE you going to make a flower-bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yes, miss, them's the orders," answered the gardener. "Why, it will quite spoil our croquet ground." "Can't help it, miss, them's your pa's orders. He says he'll have it laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry!"

TWO LIVES.

Born—he grew to manhood fair.
Weak—he strayed from mother's care.
Mad—he wed a woman low.
Drunk—he dealt a deadly blow.
Hung—he broke a mother's heart.
Wrong—e'en from the very start.

Born—he grew to manhood fair.
Strong—he prized a mother's care.
Loved—he wed a maiden pure.
Kind—he helped the needy poor.
Dead—is mourned by every one.
Good—O! true and faithful son!

SOME gentle youth or good-hearted old man left a pin on the seat of a Woodward avenue car. It was a pin bent up in curious shape, and was left there to carry out a purpose. The man who swung himself aboard that car near the City Hall and sat down with a sigh got up with a yell. In his great surprise he leaped off the car and shouted: "Mad dog around!" but there were no dogs of any sort under the seat. When he discovered what had "raised" him he was much chagrined. Said he: "I thought I could lick most any man, ride any horse, stand any sickness and run for any office, and yet this contemptible little pin completely upset me."—*Free Press.*

SONG.

What good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest?
All joys to thee belong;
Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
Sweeter than any song.
For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light:
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright;
Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes:
Thy morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies.
What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest?
Thou holdest in thy hand
My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest:
Nor wilt thou understand
Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
My lady proud and sweet!
I bring thee treasure of a priceless sorrow,
To lay before thy feet.
—*Celia Thaxter, in Scribners for August.*

Caught at Last.

John Collins, a talented London pickpocket, took an active part in the Moody and Sankey meetings, and after the departure of the evangelists became a popular singer and exhorter. His piety was not questioned by his fellow workers, and his friends among the thieves did not expose him. Thus he was enabled to pick pockets with great facility, often taking the watches and pocketbooks of men and women while praying at their sides, or while explaining to them the way of salvation. Continued success, perhaps, made him careless, for, while taking part at the exercises at the laying of a corner-stone for a church in Uxbridge, he was caught stealing a watch from a woman who was sharing a hymn book with him during the singing. He was arrested, and then a great number of robberies were traced to him.